

French Frills

NO. 1

50 c

COLLECTORS'
EDITION

The New
Magazine
With The
FRENCH
Approach!



LES DIALOGUES DU TO GET THE MOST

LE PAPA: I GET MORE
OF FRENCH
ARE ALL STACKED ---- MY
BUT I CAN DREAM, NON?

get to Paris, but with
Frills, maybe at least
Frenchman! —Oo, la la!

I've been waiting for! These
the advice to cool studs is the

Le Mag Hot:



PERIODIQUE OR, HOW FROM FRENCH FRILLS

ACTUAL ENJOYMENT OUT
FRILLS BECAUSE THE GIRLS
WIFE DOESN'T LIKE THAT,

LA MAMAN: I'll never
Papa reading French
he'll start ACTING like a

LE JEUNE HOMME: Like,
French Frills is the mag
French chicks are far out and
craziest! LE DEALER: DON'T JUST READ IT, BUY IT!



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French Frills



There was no awkward
urgency — just a
beautifully casual
passion . . .

Gigi

and the AMERICAN

I WAS IN A TINY Left Bank boite called Le Pouilly when the absolutely gorgeous girl entered.

I noticed her at once, although I couldn't see her clearly, at first. And this was not due to the Pernod, as I will explain.

The day was gray. Raindrops fell slowly, largely. ("Even the raindrops don't care how they do it, today," the bartender had remarked earlier, with Gallic wit and philosophy.) Only a single neon tube was lit. In the demi-darkness, some five or six patrons sipped their drinks in silence. A little natural light spilled tiredly through the open doorway.

When the girl hesitated in the entrance, the whole place darkened dramatically. With the outside light shut out and the artificial light insufficient, she was swathed in shadow. But I felt expectant, glad, for some reason.

The bartender called happily, cordially: "Hello, Gigi! You are here."

"Hello, Armand. But yes, I am here." Her voice was gay, lilting.

Armand hit two switches and two more glowing tubes sprang to life. He extended a hairy hand in effusive welcome.

As the two individuals clasped hands warmly, I took careful inventory of all the beauty of a beautiful woman.

Loose-knit red jersey blouse, with no bra to confine her regnant roudures.

Tight green sheath skirt of finest silk, slit to mid-thigh, Indochinese fashion, defining but not over-protecting property south of the equator.

Red blouse and green skirt. Yes.

And green silk anklets. And red spike-heeled shoes.

Yes, I remember that rainy afternoon in *Le Pouilly*. Sometimes I remember it with a clarity second only to the way I remember my first woman.

Gigi, I thought: Continental and probable. France was full of Gigis.

I guess I was ready for Gigi, as a name. I surely wasn't ready for her as a particular woman of that name—but I am getting ahead of the story.

Yes. In answer to your question, the rest of the story is exciting. I get hot and cold, just remembering.

GIGI. THE NAME of the girl who entered from the rainy street. Blouse wet from the big raindrops, her shoulder architecture could be read from the blueprints. Thin silk skirt so damp that the outline of brief panties could be seen underneath, with no bulk of slip to intervene.

Summer in Paris. Not the season for much lingerie.

Open the Spanish sherry now, please, because I feel Spanish remembering the French Gigi!

The magic of that uncommon afternoon, with Armand saying, "Monsieur Hart, approach us, please."

I approached them, the incomparable Gigi and the amiable Armand. "I am here," I announced eagerly.

"Mademoiselle Gigi — Monsieur Hart — and turn around — meet yourselves."

"*Enchante*," I responded, meaning the amenity with all of me. Even my toes.

Something of my sincerity must have wafted to Gigi. She pierced me with a searching blue gaze. "Where is your seat, M. Hart? I wish to ask you certain questions about America."

I led the way. But, on the way, a devil possessed me. I patted my backside with both hands and gallantly essayed: "Here is my real seat, Mlle. Gigi!"

"Fool!" she said. But she said the word softly, and her expression was slightly amused. The French thrive on such persiflage.

"Would you care for some Pernod?" I inquired, after we had settled at my table.

She made a *moue* with her very pink but unpainted lips. "A Rose D'Anjou would be better for me."

Armand, the perfect servitor, served our potions, to heighten the magic beginning to build.

"M. Hart, I would like to know if the *tetons* of Marilyn Monroe are real or fortified."

"Gigi," I assured her gravely, "the American lady has nothing to conceal, except real flesh, given to her by a kind providence."

"I am happy to hear that, M. Hart. I, too, am natural."

I signalled for two more drinks, then answered several more questions. Like: I think Paris is the capitol of the world, not New York. I am a vagabond writer. Some American men know how to treat a woman — many, in fact.

"Excuse me," murmured the elegant lady. "I must powder my navel."

"Of course," I answered, arising promptly. (I felt that the lady's choice of words was intended to shock the "innocent" American.)

Armand delivered two more drinks, beaming his best smile.

"Armand," I demanded, "is she a child or is she an adult?"

He replied immediately, if not satisfactorily, "She is a child one time. At another, she is most mature. She has a divine madness."

"Armand, what must I do to get her?"

"But, M. Hart, do as you wish. Follow your star tonight."

"Tonight? Has the afternoon gone entirely? Well, we shall see . . . Thank you, *mon ami*."

Gigi returned, looking demure. She studied her drink, taking sips as small lessons.

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Gigi was the divine madness . . . I had

to have her . . . if only for tonight!

EDITORIAL

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN can't be wrong — or at least if they are, they enjoy it the most! At any rate, they insist that *joie de vivre*, *eclat*, *savoir faire* and *elan* are good cards for a man to hold in this high-stake game of life. These are words that can be used in any good description of any good Frenchman. By definition, a good Frenchman loves life and has that certain worldly something about him which attracts beautiful women like nothing else but a true Frenchman can.

But — you don't have to be born in France or even have Gallic blood in your veins to be just as good a Frenchman as the most native of Parisians. Being *French* is a state of mind, a way of life — not just a statement of national origin.

FRENCH FRILLS exists for the sole purpose of bringing about that state of mind. The writers, photographers, editors, art director — everybody concerned with the magazine — agree that all of the good things in life for which Frenchmen are noted can be acquired by any man with the desire and the imagination to do so. These "good things," of course, include an abundance of beautiful women, a generous measure of sophistication, enviable courage in affairs of the heart, flawless technique in *l'amour* and a truly joyful love of real pleasure. This means good winning, good dining and — most important — good and frequent wenching.

It is only fitting, then, that this first issue of FRENCH FRILLS should contain such items as *How To Be A Boulevardier* and a definitive study of *Les Belles Parisienne* — plus, *naturellement*, well over three dozen pages of beautiful *mademoiselles* (the sort that you might encounter if you were to actually go to Paris or the Riviera!).

In addition, you'll find a pair of very French short stories: *Gigi* and *the American*, by Dale Hart; a Texas American just returned from the City of Lights; and the first contribution to any men's magazine by one B. Miller, called *Change of Heart*.

So there it is, *mes amis*, designed to give you the maximum of French-style entertainment that you'll find on this side of the Atlantic. Open it to any page — you're sure to *cherchez la femme* in FRENCH FRILLS — *le magazine hot!*

— THE EDITOR



French Frills

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Volume 1

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PARIS IS A FEMME

ON THE SCREEN, PARIS IS BARDOT, SIMON, DARRIEUX, D'ORSAY, CAROL, ET AL. BUT THE REAL FEMME FATALE IS PARIS HERSELF!



A multiple exposure of new Love Goddess Brigitte Bardot shows less exposure than she's famous for . . .!

By Forrest J. Ackerman

THEY SAY 50 MILLION Frenchmen can't be wronged—but they would certainly like to try, with a Woman that God Created, a Lady Like Satan, that Naughty Girl and Strip-tease Mam'selle of a Parisienne: Brigitte Bardot!

What has more curves than the river Seine?

Brigitte Bardot!

What French structure has caused more admiration than the Eiffel Tower?

Brigitte Bardot!

What is the hottest body in France since Joan of Arc?

Brigitte Bardot!

LIFE has said it: she is the delicious unattainable daydream of millions of American males. So much for daydreams. If Kinsey were alive, he could probably fill a chapter on Love Goddesses with the high incident of Brigitte's appearance in nocturnal fantasies.

"Paris per se is rare for many exports: its fine wine, its rare perfumes, its Dior dresses. But its product

which it excels is: pulchritude. Feminine beauty of face and form. The uncensored, uninhibited, freely exhibited pulchritude.

The Gallic gamin is something special, a breed apart from the fraulein, the Skandinavian sunworshipper, the American playgirl. The French girl is a grape to be squeezed, and sometimes—apachely—to be trod upon and mashed. She goes nude as freely for artist friends as other girls wait tables or sell silk stockings. Hers not to rock 'n' roll but to can-can as

FATALE



In the 30s and early 40s, Danielle Darrieux was a noted femme fatale who helped to epitomize Paris to millions of American moviegoers.

soon as her frilly pantied derriere has plumped to the point where it is worth pouting at a compatriot or a Khrushchev.

The Frenchmen think of their capital as a beautiful woman named Lady Paname. Perhaps this is because many Frenchmen have made capital of women, in fact most Frenchmen have made women — period. And it is a good thing, for if this were not so there would not be so many Mimis, Mitzies, Mignonettes, Lisettes, Briggittes, Louises, etc., for Monsieur France himself, Maurice Chevalier, to sing about now that he's "not young any more."

What a comfort it must be to Chevalier, in his old age, to live in the same age with Brigitte the bar-dolized. In his bold age, a Frenchy femme named Fifi D'Orsay epitomized Paris on the American screen of the 30s. In the late 30s and early 40s we were treated to the baby-faced beauty of Simone Simon, a pixie of piquant charm who *really* played a sex kitten as the pantherine werewoman of the classic horror film, **THE CAT PEOPLE**. About that time, too, a delicious French dish with another alliterative name, Danielle Darrieux, was impressing the public with her performances in such films as **GIRLS CLUB** and **THE RAGE OF PARIS**.

(Continued on next page)



Some of their names may be strange to American eyes — Edwige Feuillere, Francoise Arnoul — and difficult to pronounce, like Mylene Demongeot; but what they have to offer is invariably worth the weird name!

French television history was made in 1953 where the bare breast of cute chick Cecile Aubrey was vidicasted in a televersion of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*.

About 1950 a blonde bombshell named Martine Carol began making a big thing of her "tétons" by exhibiting said breastwork in filmworks like *Lucretia Borgia*. To publicize the first of her sexcessful *Caroline Cherie* films, a plane flew over Paris dropping thousands of picture postcards of the morsel Miss Martine. The puzzled Parisians who picked up the publicity pics found mammae from heaven, for the fotos featured the ripened roudures of the comely Carol!

Time marches on, and as we enter the Sexy Sixties the many-times-crowned Erotiqueen of French Cinema is the twenty-six year old Brigitte Bardot, who was first engaged a full ten years ago. She's a mama now, but a red hot one, and her legion of admirers burn aphrodisiacal incense nightly to the Fertility Gods, praying that, should she have a second child, it will be a daughter, Mademoiselle *Brigine* Bardot, so that mama's type of pyrotechnical sex appeal will be going off like a combination skyrocket and pinwheel on the super-cinemas screens of 1980.

Thinking 20 years ahead, can't you just smell that Chanel #5 as Brigine takes a perfumed shower in scented cinaroma?

Meanwhile, back in 1960: remembering her torrid hit of several seasons ago, AND GOD CREATED WOMAN, Brigitte's fans are rooting for a sequel, BUT THE DEVIL MADE BARDOT. Lucky Devil! Small wonder a contemporary men's magazine recently boobooed in reporting the title of BB's then current picture as "A Ladylike Satan" (actual title: A WOMAN LIKE SATAN).

Historical, pictorial and Biblical characters it would be nice to see BB portray: Lady Godiva, September Morn and Eve. In such roles she would undoubtedly reveal hitherto hidden (but not much) aspects of her acting ability and prove in-the-altogether charming.

So — that's Paris for you, presently personified by Brigitte Bardot, mostly identified strongly with such re-



French film stars such as Brigitte Bardot, Fifi D'Orsay, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon, Edwige Feuillere, Martine Carol, Francoise Arnoul, Cecile Aubrey and Mylene Demongeot all have one thing in common with the delightful young lady on these pages — an exciting brand of French style sex appeal which is reserved only for shapely young mademoiselles!



moiselles as Simone Simon, Danielle Darrieux, Martine Carol et al. She's all woman, is Lady Panane, from the foot of her *A la Triomphe* the flanks of her *Paris Seine* to the breastwork of her Bastille to the lips

of her amorous female lovers as they sip champagne, sip... hansom d'mour, and enjoy (per... old per... on the expression) the French kiss. C'est Paris. Femme fatale. Feted city, fatal woman.



Our curvaceous little Gallic charmer
 es her all for her work, her play, her
 love, her fun (or men) — just as
 she gives her pictorial all to the
 many delighted readers of French Frills.



*French Nudists are not
really nude in Heliopolis,
the Isle of Levant!*



By Sam Jardine

VIVE LE MINIMUM

IT'S CALLED the Isle of Levant, and it's the island retreat for approximately three-quarters of the organized nudists in France. Located just off the Mediterranean coast, the island is shared by the nudists and the French Navy, which makes for some interesting situations.

The Navy, suspiciously un-French but characteristically military in its official prudishness, has been trying for a long time to take the island away from the sunbathers, on every charge from possible espionage to immorality, none of which they have been able to make stick. The nudists are still wandering around *au naturel*, while the Navy continues to fume about the situation.

France is a nation peculiarly tolerant to nudism—the kind of nudism

we're personally in favor of, at any rate. According to the French, there's no reason for preventing you from taking off your clothes if you want to. The Germans, of course (the nudist movement began in Germany), have to invent all sorts of health and physical culture excuses for nudism, but the French do it strictly because they want to.

There's no moralistic issue with the French, either. American nudists have complex excuses for disrobing—it's healthier, it's more beautiful, it's what God intended, it keeps people from thinking sexy thoughts, etc. This last "reason" makes American nudists express shock and alarm at the Bikini and other costumes which conceal while they reveal.

All of which brings us around to

le minimum, which is a small triangular G-string which French nudists wear in public as a bow to more conventional taste in covering. *Le minimum*, of course, covers a minimum amount of flesh, and is as far as the law will allow a nudist to go outside the confines of the nudist park itself. It's a compromise measure which seems to work out pretty well all the way around.

The non-nudist is assured that the wearer of *le minimum* is clothed where it counts, and the nudist feels adequately protected from non-nudist eyes while still enjoying the freedom from clothing on the other 99% of his or her body.

Le Minimum started out as a small patch of white cloth, just big enough to cover the vital area (in France,

there is only *one* vital area, regardless of gender), supported by a thin cord around the hips. Of late, the traditional white is being supplanted by stylish pastels—some French nudists have even affected *le minimum* in startling fluorescent hues.

The entire effect is quite delightful, and effectively counteracts the depressingly sterile atmosphere found in other nudist circles.

After all, the French are well-known for injecting the maximum amount of fun into everything they do.

Needless to say, the areas near French nudist resorts do a very good tourist business.

• • •

Paris Apartment

M. American _____



So far
so good
many
Potatoes
And a few
when you
7-11



You desire live in the apartment of Fifi?



These
are the only
photos of my
apartment that
I have and my
apologize for myself
with the photos I've like
living in the apartment
and it will be arranged
Fifi



She is well-stocked,

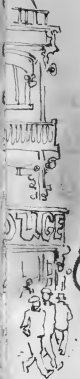


now? Fifi

The door
she is
very strong
7/1



If you like the code, you
are allowed in the kitchen with
four of the set to do
it with gas. I'm
you are allowed to
small cafe on the
street, for
little
money
7/1



The furniture is moderne and
appears to be expensive. You
will enjoy her much. I
make the offer to you.
Also, the boudoir she
is very attractive,
but I have



She is a beautiful apartment
suit for 4,000 francs with
the gas and electric. When you come
I will show you everything. Love
T. L.



by B. Miller

CHANGE OF HEART



COLETTE DUCHAMP

stretched her scantily covered body, admired her newly-acquired Riviera tan and fixed her steady blue gaze on a solitary sea gull bobbing and ducking over the blue-green shimmer of the Mediterranean. The gull's scream cut cleanly across the water; for a while Colette forgot why she was here, wallowing in the unaccustomed luxury of a vacation — and so soon after starting the new job, too! Then she saw Etienne making his way towards her among the scattered umbrellas blooming like desert flowers in the hot, gritty sand.

Etienne! Part of her mind urged her to cover her face and let him pass by her — it was the right thing to do, and all of her young life she had always done the *right thing*. But since the day, hardly two months ago, when she had first seen Etienne Corday, she had been strangely attracted to the man. She couldn't back out now.

Etienne's gray eyes searched the beach, picking her out of the broiling crowd; Colette scrambled to her feet and waved wildly, calling:

"Etienne! Over here!"

He saw her and grinned, and came to her side. "*Bon jour, ma chere,*" he said quietly, lowering his sun-tanned body to the sand next to her. His fine shoulders were covered with pale freckles and reddish hair. She wanted desperately to reach over and pull his head down between her breasts and kiss him. "They told me at the desk that you were down here," he said.

"You shouldn't have come, Etienne," she said. "She will wonder, both of us leaving her alone in her condition."

"Her condition!" Etienne spat. "She's as healthy as a horse. As her nurse you should know that."

"*Oui* — but if she should have *une autre attaque?*"

"Another attack. That is one of her little tricks to bind me to her. But it will not work any longer, Colette, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Colette heard, and unable to resist the boyish appeal in his voice, she turned to him. His unguarded gaze traveled hungrily over her voluptuous body and when their eyes met, he choked, "Colette — Colette,"

Colette was a nice girl---with a lover as fickle as they come!

and reached for her with gentle hands. She closed her eyes as a blinding, searing emotion flowed through her. "I will ask for a divorce," Etienne was saying, but she was only partially aware of his words. "You do want me, don't you, Colette?"

Want him! Her soul was in torment at the thought, her eyes smarted, her heart pounded, but she sat absolutely still, unable to move. "Yes. I want you," she said, blushing. *I want you, I want you, Etienne, but she won't let you go.* "Oh, Etienne, now that you've followed me down here, she's bound to suspect—I'll be discharged and we'll never see each other again."

Etienne got up, pulling her to her feet. His arms circled her bare midriff possessively. "She thinks I've gone to Menton on business. Besides, dear Cousin Yvonne is with her."

Whether it was the intoxication of his nearness or because of their mutual acknowledgement of love, Colette never knew, but she was so tired of fighting the way she felt about him, that all of her opposition crumbled and suddenly she was resting her face against his shoulder and whispering passionately:

"I don't care about her, about my professional duty to her, all I care about is us, this minute. All my life it's been duty to others—my *mama* and my *papa*, my younger brother after they died, and after that nursing, and my patients. And I did it cheerfully because it was my life. But you're my life now, Etienne. Why can't we be happy, why must she spoil it?"

His arms tightened around her, his eyes glowing. "She won't, I promise you, Colette."

Something in his voice filled her mind like an ominous echo.

"Etienel" she cried, suddenly afraid.

He kissed her. "Don't worry, I won't do anything foolish. She can have the house—hell, she can have everything, if she'll just leave me. That's fair, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Colette thought of the huge pink stuccoed mansion with the sun glaring bright on the red roof tiles and the small string of plush resort hotels

stretching from Nice to Menton, all along the scenic Corniche highways running one above the other along sheer cliffs of the Maritime Alps. She thought of the splendor and the wealth, but she wanted none of these. Only Etienne. "That's fair," she agreed. "Come back with me to my room and we'll get dressed and go tell her right away."

She was no longer uneasy or self-conscious. She began to feel strangely confident and in this change of mood, her natural gaiety returned. "Oh, let's hurry, Etienne," she urged, "citet!"

Even the thought of the obese woman in the wheel chair with her glistening, see-all eyes couldn't diminish her happiness.

BACK IN HER room, Colette showed and reached around the plastic curtain for her dressing robe. Etienne stood in the doorway, his extended arm holding the garment. Colette's eyes widened in surprise. Woodenly she took the robe.

"Are we in such a hurry, Colette?" he asked softly. He stared down without embarrassment at her golden naked body. Gently, Colette let the gown fall to the cold floor and with arms still outstretched, very much like a child, she walked into his embrace.

He kissed her mouth, her throat, and crushed her young figure to him. "You're so sweet, so beautiful, Colette," he whispered.

"All these months—watching you while you did for her—did you know I was watching you, Colette?—while you did for her, running at her bidding and never complaining at her foolish, selfish ways. Colette, Colette, I'll make it up to you, I swear. You are so young and unspoiled, *ma petite belle*."

She gazed back at him with an almost luminous composure. Her arms tightened about his neck. "I love you so, Etienne," she said, and it was the most natural thing in the world to be saying the words of love and standing with her nude body pressed against his with only the cloth of his trunks separating them. She felt his hands groping unsatisfied over her body, along her long, supple legs, and a trembling began in her that wouldn't

stop. He guided her into the bedroom, lifted her onto the bed with its pale gold spread. She lay there quivering with anticipation.

"So lovely," he murmured, carressing her soft, yielding flesh. He stripped off his shorts and Colette closed her eyes as he returned to her, his lips feverishly bruising her golden body, yet at the same time sending raging shudders down her limbs, and suddenly she was glad, glad that she was a virgin for him. They were in love, they would be married. It was right—right—

ETIENNE ENTERED his wife's gold and white bedroom and approached the canopied bed, the ready-made smile casual, his gray eyes friendly. "I'm afraid, Michelle, dear," he said sincerely, "that you're going to be needing another nurse."

Michelle's rouged, flabby face stretched into an indolent grin. "And did you give our little Colette the same preposterous story as the others, Etienne, about the property belonging to *you*, but you were willing to give it all up for love?" She cackled vulgarly, popping a chocolate into her mouth. A stream of brown liquid seeped out of the coarse, thin lips and rolled unchecked down the doughy chin.

Etienne stared with repugnance at his wife's chocolate-stained fingers, the small, motionless black eyes half submerged in her pulpy face, and he sickened at the weakness in him that wouldn't let him just walk out and leave. But he'd become accustomed to the luxuries her wealth bought, and not even the remembered tenderness of Colette's innocent face was enough to make him give up all that money. Besides, his wife couldn't live forever. Soon now, she'd die. Looking at her smeared fingers clutching the silken sheets like grasping talons, he realized it must be very soon. The next little nurse might be even more irresistible than Colette.

Smiling, he went to the bedside and dialed a familiar number. He spoke briefly, regretfully into the mouthpiece. "And—ah," he concluded brightly, "could you make it a redhead this time?" ● ● ●

It's a shame, she
feels, to waste
all of her love
on one man, so
she spreads her
favors around.



La Belle PARISIENNE

by Jules Jackson

ALTHOUGH PROSTITUTION is officially illegal in France, the reformers have, to date, been unable to outlaw women — and the women of Paris are a delight to behold (and, incidentally, designed to be held. But you knew that already).

General DeGaulle and others have tried their damndest to strip the City of Lights of much of her world-famous splendor, but in spite of their good intentions, Paris is still Paris, a wonderful city, the golden city of golden opportunities for the amorously inclined.

This legendary paradise has often been called the City of Sin, although in reality Paris is far from that, for the really sordid side of sin comprises such an infinitesimal portion of the Parisian scene that it almost does not count. It's all, we suppose, a matter of attitude.

What would be sin anywhere else is good clean fun in Paris. The visiting American tourist is twenty times as sinful as the French *bon vivant* because of the shameful attitude Americans seem to carry with them everywhere they go. But Paris is all-forgiving and all-understanding, and forgives the average American tourist for being such an insufferably lecherous bore, for without such people, who would buy all those feelthy pictures?

All irony aside, let's consider the women of Paris, as they are still the most delightful assortment of females to be found anywhere in the world.

First off, of course, there is no such thing as the True *Parisienne*, unless you say that she is the True Woman — which is about as broad a definition as one could hope for. Brigitte Bardot exemplifies *La Parisienne* to the rest of the world, and the picture she paints of this innocent sophisticate is not far from true. Still, one finds variations among these delightful creatures.

There are three basic types:

1. *La Coquette*. This is the girl whose grand passion is love itself — it doesn't make much difference who else is involved, as long as she is privileged to love and be loved as often as possible. With her, love is always an art but never a profession — and everything else takes second place. She is found in all social strata, in all economic brackets, and, geographically, all over France.

She is the originator of the "always true to you, darling, in my fashion" idea, and is supremely capable of loving many different men at one time — although she is convinced that she *loves* only one, *likes* another, is *very fond* of still a third, etc. There is so much love inherent in her make-up that to squander it all on one man would be wasteful, perhaps even fatal.

She is the eternal flirt, constantly keeping as many men interested as possible, wisely realizing that her current *grande affaire* may break up at any moment, as of course he has

(Continued on next page)

No matter which one you choose,
you can be sure she'll fill the bill!





at least one other mistress stashed away somewhere.

It's a terribly exciting life. Her entire personality is keyed to excitement, and if a dull day *does* happen to invade her life, she is compelled to manufacture excitement.

The only time you will ever meet her is when she is ready to take on a new lover — otherwise she's far too busy to be anywhere that you might encounter her.

2. *The Courtesan.* To her, love is almost always a business, wherein she is willing to grant her favors in exchange for something of value. The commercial undertone of the venture does not mean that she's immune to love itself or that she cannot enjoy sex, as is common with a large segment of the world's prostitutes. *Au contraire*, she enjoys her work to the hilt.

While pleasure is her business, the Parisian courtesan is always eager to fall in love. She has a heart as big as the *Bois de Boulogne*, and she won't shower her gifts upon you gratis without inundating you with all of the things men love in brides but learn to detest in wives — before long she'll be running your life for you, and if you walk out on her she'll be heartbroken for at least two days, or as long as it takes her to find another client who *needs* and *deserves* from her more than mere sex.

3. *The Existentialist.* These devotees of Jean Paul Sartre's philosophy of nothingness are the Callie equivalent of our own Beatniks, with the exception that their view of life makes more sense and their Left Bank society is organized along slightly more literate lines. Unlike the literary leaders of the Beats, the Existentialist writers, by and large, know how to write. What's more, they can all speak French, an accomplishment very few American Beats can lay claim to.

These Left Bank habits are supremely aware of life and love and politics, of art and poetry and beauty and truth, and accept sex as a very natural thing for two people who like each other to indulge in.

Love, however, to the existentialist, is merely another facet of Experience, and never is allowed to become *la grande passion*.

When you meet one of these dolls, your chances of having an enjoyable evening are very good. It's wise to

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inquire of her early in the game if she's in the mood or not, though. Although when viewed in her entirety this girl is about as consistent in her attitudes, opinions, likes and desires as the most scatterbrained of non-Existentialists, she has a whim of iron — and if she doesn't want to play, nothing in the world will change that whim.

Fortunately, she won't be too offended if, upon receiving a negative response, you tell her: "A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle, but if you'll excuse me I think I shall go look for someone who *does* want to." In Paris, it shouldn't take you over an hour.

THOSE ARE THE three major types, or subdivisions of *La Belle Parisienne*. There are others, of course, like the older woman whose husband doubtless still loves her, but still she's constantly on the lookout for that extra filip of sensation that only a perfect stranger can provide. Perhaps you're the one she has in mind — if so, you can be assured of one hell of a good time with a woman still young enough to be enthusiastic but old enough to have a lifetime of experience backing up every move. Then there's the young virgin who is looking for someone entirely removed from her own social circle to help her get over the disadvantages of her

inexperience. If you have been in Paris long, you will have learned enough about *l'amour* to be of definite help, and she'll be more than grateful.

But these two, and the half-dozen other minor categories, are not one-half as representative of *La Parisienne* as are the first three.

All in all, Paris is an exciting city, and her women are the element which makes it so.

We join with Maurice Chevalier in saying, "Thank Heaven for little girls!" — for little girls get bigger every day.

• • •

**FRENCH
FRILLS
FILLE
NO. 1**



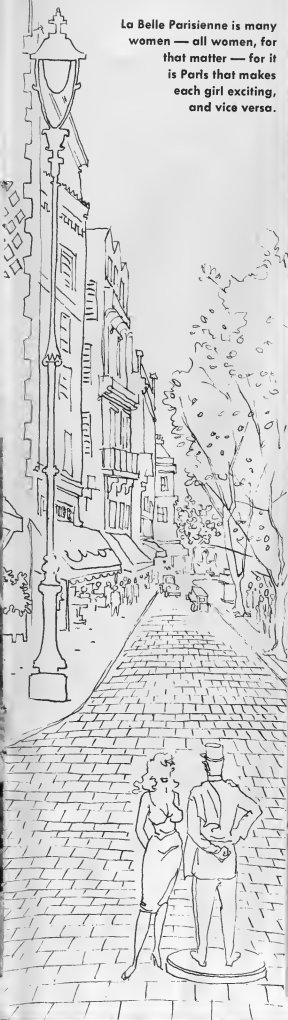
**FRENCH
FRILLS
FILLE
NO. 1**







La Belle Parisienne is many
women — all women, for
that matter — for it
is Paris that makes
each girl exciting,
and vice versa.



FROM THE SKIN OUT

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL
PUTTING HER CLOTHES
ON HAS UNIVERSAL
EYE APPEAL — EVEN
IF SHE'S NOT FRENCH!

PARIS HAS LONG been the world's number one style center, dictating female fashion in all civilized parts of the globe. There is a very good reason for this

— the *mademoiselles de Paris* are a sexy, high fashion lot to begin with. It is only natural that they should be clothed with the most imaginative and tasteful flair for style in the world.

Let us examine one of these *jeunes filles* to find out her secret of true femininity.

First of all, as we look at her in the buff, without a stitch of clothing to obscure the view, we note that she is already the essence of femininity. Long, tapering legs — generous (but not too generous) hips, a tiny waist, a smooth flat stomach, saucy





breasts, delicate, flawless shoulders, graceful neck, pert face, carefully coiffed hairdo, full, sensuous lips, eyes which taunt, bedazzle and invite exploration of the rest of her charms.

Now let's see what happens when she starts to put clothes on this beautiful body. The first thing we notice is that each piece of clothing is designed to enhance her beauty by an artful combination of concealment and revelation. She is exciting in herself, but that is not enough. First she dons a wisp of lace that serves to hold

her long sheer stockings in place.

It is sheer pleasure to watch her put on her clothes — her every movement advertises that she is aware of delights which she alone among women knows fully how to share. Whether or not you have already tasted these delights (and chances are, if you're watching the young lady dress, you have), your eyes are held spellbound by the sight.

Shoes with skyscraper heels now go on those tiny feet. She picks up her dress,



holds it over her head, stretches her arms up and wriggles into it.

Please, Monsieur, help me with the zipper?"

As she moves, her clothing makes soft feminine sounds as her petticoats sussurate against nylon-sheathed legs. A delicate aroma of mystery emanates from her perfect body — she uses expensive, provocative scents as her calling-card. You may not be certain what the scent is called, but it calls — and you come running.

This is the woman of Paris, the mademoiselle who inflames your desires, the coquette who wears French lace next to her skin and the French philosophy of amour in her heart. She is a Gallic confection of smooth silk, sensuous nylon, frilly French lace, the provocative scent of expensive perfumes, the inviting texture of carefully powdered flesh, the firm resilience of young muscles.

She is as timelessly beautiful as Paris itself.

• • •



Gigi and the American (continued from page 5)

An athletic type of Frenchman stopped beside our table. Louis. No other name. A handsome man who had lost the hand of one arm in some remote French colony. ("I mislaid my surname when I lost my reach," he explained sometimes, when he was thoroughly but carefully drunk.)

"Greetings, *mes enfants*. Tell me your lives." He said this after taking a seat near Gigi.

I must explain that Louis had privileges. He had them because of his steel hook and because he was a gentle man, really. In the free-wheeling circles of Left Bank society, he was accepted everywhere.

"I heard Gigi ask about the American woman of the screen. Very interesting. But observe, M. Hart."

Louis smiled gamely. He placed his steel hook in the deep V of Gigi's elastic jersey blouse and pulled downward. Then, with two other movements I could not follow well with my eyes, he exposed the woman's twin claims to mammalian origin.

"Observe, M. Hart," Louis repeated. "Gigi is not so generous as the older American woman. But is she not more round and exquisite?"

I could not find the words immediately, looking upon but not protesting the violation, if such it was. I had the feeling that Louis was not offending Gigi. I had the feeling that Louis was swimming in his fluid element.

"Louis, your hand is so cold!" Notice that she did not call it a hook. "I cannot support the cold," she said, removing the intruder gently but with decision without rancour.

"M. Hart," Louis offered, "permit me to order drinks for the three. I am in good company."

I felt expansive, also. "Louis, it shall be my extreme pleasure."

Gigi was looking at us tolerantly. "Gentlemen," she said with some portentiousness, "this round pertains to my part."

I raised a restraining finger. And Louis pressed it toward the tabletop. "She desires to do so."

"Yes, but—"

"Silence in friendship."

Gigi remained imperturbable. "Three," she requested.

Armand brought three drinks. One Pernod, one Rose D'Anjou, and one black rum. Gigi paid with a large bill.

Louis always spoke his mind freely, when his spirit moved him. As he sipped his rum with considerable appreciation, he made a flat state-

ment. "Gigi never spends money unless she wants to do so. But, when she desires, she has money to spend."

"My own money is my own money," she stated. "Not money from the mackerels or the lustful beasts."

"True, my little cabbage. You have money not gained from love." Louis turned to me. "It is true. This woman is not for sale, though she could place herself in a good market."

"I accept," I asserted earnestly, and the other two relaxed.

We sat in comfortable silence for long moments, then Louis faced again to Gigi. "Is she not marvelous, my American? I will have her one time, sometime, for an hour. As I am her friend, she will give herself to me, one time, briefly. As yet, she has not desired this. Nor have I, terribly. We are both noble creatures, even composed of flesh. Can you comprehend this?"

The conversation and the rain and the drinks had affected me, also, so I fell into the surrounding medium completely. I answered simply. I said: "Yes."

Gigi smiled a secret smile, sweeping her two men with looks born through her long eyelashes. And, when the drinks were finished, she got to her feet nimbly. Louis sprang aside docilely, and she moved to take my arm. "M. Hart, let us depart."

"D'accord," I exulted, while Louis kept his smooth composure. He bowed to Gigi and shook my hand.

"Au revoir. Do not swim in the Seine."

OUTSIDE, THE RAIN had ceased to fall. Gigi pressed my arm more tightly and giggled. "I have hunger. Would you care to dine?" When I nodded, she continued, "Follow me. I know a small restaurant with fine food at modest prices."

We walked slowly, the pressure of her full-blown body rubbing against me and stirring my appetite for more than food. Yes, we walked slowly, without speaking.

And we ate almost in silence, quietly pleased with ourselves and with each other.

And, once more on the street, Gigi spoke. "Where do you live, my American?"

"I will lead you," I promised quickly. "Follow."

We walked again. Again the feel of her glorious flesh against my body imbued me with a growing excitement.

We paused in front of my small hotel. I pointed triumphantly to the sign. It read: HOTEL GIGI.

The woman laughed aloud, a delighted trill. "But this is formidable! *Incroyable!*" She smiled radiantly and squeezed both my hands.

Upstairs, events moved dancingly. Rose D'Anjou from my stone shelf. Low music from my portable radio. Kisses, in the heat of blood. Caresses. Small explorations.

Gigi's jersey blouse seemed much smaller now, with Gigi out of it; it graced a chair-back along with her skirt and panties. We left the lights low and the windows open. The Parisian panorama winked at us against the rosy darkness as our small explorations grew into full-blooded safaris. They joys we found in each other's bodies became a heady delight which I hoped would last for a long time—perhaps even several weeks.

There was no awkward urgency this night; just a beautifully casual passion for which the French are understandably famous, a passion which progresses slowly and skillfully until it bursts in twin explosions. I was in Heaven, and I thought Gigi was there, also—two of us in a profane paradise.

Gigi excused herself to attend to her needs, and I lay back, exhausted, letting my satiated body revel in the fullness of the night. But then a verbal explosion rent the air:

"Sacre Dieu!"

Gigi had found Colette's peignoir drying prettily in the bathroom—and she fell into a fit of pique that only a Frenchwoman can.

"M. Hart, I am leaving this place!" She made animal sounds in cold fury. I was thunderstruck at the sudden development, quite naturally. It happened too fast for me to comprehend. "But why are you leaving, Gigi? Are you mad indeed?"

She gave no answer—unless you call leaving an answer. She left like a whirlwind.

I was so paralyzed by her "divine madness" that I made no move to restrain the woman physically.

Yes, gentlemen; oh, yes, I remember Gigi, the divine, the mad!

And the next evening, at the height of a session with Colette, I moaned: "Gigi! Gigi!"

And Colette slapped me twice, hard, before I could think to prison her hands!

• • •

FRENCH FRILLS FORECAST: Torrid!



"Monsieur! You surprise Fifi when she thinks she is all alone bathing! But as you are here, I tell you that you can see more of me in the *next* issue of FRENCH FRILLS. With me will be many more mademoiselles to please you, plus many provocative articles and entertaining fiction. I'll be looking for you in issue number two!"

DON'T MISS FRENCH FRILLS No. 2!
Featured in the next issue will be:

● **EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A MISTRESS!**

● **DON'T BAN THE CAN CAN!**

● **HOW FRENCH GIRLS GET THAT WAY!**

and many more features in the French fashion.

BLACK LACE



Black lace and beautiful women go together like pie and ice cream, but they make a combination which pleases the whole man instead of just his stomach. A mademoiselle like this raven haired beauty, when dressed in a few wisps of frilly black lace, is a mouth-watering dish indeed.

A LA MODE



Every appetizing ounce is stimulating to the imagination of the bon vivant. There are more such girls in and around Paris than anywhere else on earth, but you don't have to be à Frenchman to appreciate this delightful combination of the finest elements of feminine pulchritude.



MIGNIONETTE

the model

meets

PIERRE

the artist



Our Mignonette is a nicely stacked young girl with genuine but undiscovered acting talent. She lives on the Left Bank and manages to pick up a few extra francs modeling for her artist friends. As we can see (above, left), one of them wants her to pose for him in his studio. His name is Pierre, and it is obvious (above, right) that he is something of a perfectionist.





While Pierre prepares his canvas, Mignionette prepares herself. Beautiful broads disrobing in his studio are old stuff to Pierre, so he doesn't even look up from his canvas to watch.



Prop in hand, Mignonette sits poised while Pierre focuses on the apple. The work progresses nicely for several hours before the finished painting (opposite) is unveiled. Why did he need a model? Because Pierre is a Frenchman, of course!







Voulez Vous.... Avec Moi ?

Pictorial Essay

Paris . . . the magic
city where sex is not
sin and beds were
not necessarily designed
to be slept in . . .
Paris . . . the focal
point of the dreams
of many an ex-GI who





was in on the invasion
of France and spent
some time with her
grateful mademoiselles
. . . many happy memories
of bygone days are
recalled by the simple
sight of a French
girl on a bed and the
expression,
“Voulez vous . . .”

FRENCH FROLICS



Worried: "I wonder if my girl loves me."

Worldly: Of course she does — why should she make you an exception?"

.

Then there was the blushing bride who confided to her girlfriend, "I'm so glad we went to Bermuda for our honeymoon. I met some of the cutest men down there!"

.

"I saw you with a gorgeous doll last night, Frank. Where'd you meet her?"

"I dunno. I just opened my wallet and there she was."

.

"Let's hurry to your place, darling," the sweet young thing enthused. "I promised my fiancée that while he was away at college I'd be in bed every night at ten thirty!"

A man and his wife had a fight while driving along a country road. They rode in angry silence until a mule brayed.

"One of your relatives?" he asked.

"Yes, by marriage," she spat.

"Girls," said the Madam, with conviction ringing in her voice, "as long as you're working in this house I want you to remember that money is not everything. Money will not buy happiness, or mend a broken heart. Money will not put back together the fragments of a broken dream. Money is not security and it won't buy protection from the vice squad." She paused for breath and then concluded earnestly, "I refer, of course, to Confederate money."

.

It was a beautiful night; magic was in the air; a full moon painted the countryside with dreams of romance.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" she breathed.

"Love you?" he responded. "I'll idolize you. I'll worship the ground you walk on. I shall always — say, you aren't going to look like your mother, are you?"





A French hare was acquainting his son with the facts of life. As he concluded, he told the young rabbit:

"Remember, son, that you are a Frenchman and always gallant. At the finish do not be boorish like a German and shove the girl aside. And do not be cold and distant like an Englishman. Be a true Frenchman and always remember to thank the object of your affections most gallantly."

The young rabbit nodded understanding and his father took him out in a field where he had lined up a dozen or so attractive young female rabbits.

"Now, let us see how you perform," the father rabbit ordered.

The son started in, most rapidly—in true rabbit fashion — and as he finished with each one of his trial horses he said: "Merci, Mademoiselle; Merci, Mademoiselle; Pardon, Papa; Merci, Mademoiselle."

The white Jaguar swerved giddily around the corner, knocked down a telephone pole, sideswiped two cars, narrowly missed a group of pedestrians and came to a jolting stop against a parked semi. A girl climbed out of the wreck.

"Darling!" she breathed. "That's what I call a kiss!"

• • • • •

A General, a Colonel and a Major were debating the subject of sex. According to the General, the sex act itself is 60% work and 40% fun. The Colonel contended that it was 75% work and 25% fun. The Major maintained that it was 90% work and 10% fun. At the height of the argument, a private appeared at the door.

"Let's let him decide," said the Colonel.

The private listened to their views and grinned. "You're all wrong, Sirs. Sex is 100% fun and no work at all.

"How do you figure that?" inquired the General.

"Simple. If there was any work involved in it, you guys would have me doing it for you."

• • • • •

Then there was the Hollywood starlet who happened to tune in on one of Billy Graham's revival sermons. The evangelist was speaking about the Ten Commandments. When he was through, the girl turned off the TV and spent the next two hours feeling very gloomy. Finally she brightened. "Anyway," she said, "I've never made a graven image."





HOW TO BE A



BOULEVARDIER

by Pierre Sabin

It takes a certain flair for
a man to be a strolling Romeo,
but if you work at it a
bit you'll learn fast!



Attend, mes enfants, to the words of one who has made a career of strolling the street of Paris. No, *mon ami*, not as a *fille de joie*, although I am well acquainted with literally scores of these ladies of the evening. A *boulevardier*, in France, is one who knows and is known by every person along his ambulatory route — not only known by, but loved by as well.

The classic example, of course, is the ever-young Maurice Chevalier, playing the role of the old *roue* in *Gigi*. Everybody loves him, and he, in his turn, loves everybody else. Especially the *jeune filles*, the attractive young women of Paris who are loved because they are French . . . and most probably French because they are loved.

For here in Paris there is more love than any place else on earth — including Philadelphia. As one would expect, there are also more varieties of *amour*.

First, a word about *le boulevardier*. Originally, of course, all *boulevardieres* were Frenchmen, but it didn't stay that way very long, for it soon became obvious to anyone who cared to look that these happy gentlemen were the biggest make-out artists of all Europe, so it became the fashion for all sorts of visitors to affect the manners and morals of these strolling Romeos.

I have personally known a great many Americans who are excellent *boulevardieres*. Americans seem so much better suited to the role than, for instance, the English, who are far too reserved to do it convincingly.

The Russians, of course, couldn't do it if they tried — Russian women, particularly pre-Soviet Russian women, are quite clever, but their men are somehow always too busy playing cops and robbers to have time to develop the necessary *eclat* or *savoir-faire*.

The French, however, seem born with it — or is it that we acquire the necessary talents by age 20?

The first rule of conduct in this endeavor is to be friendly. Smile. Show plenty of even, white teeth.

Secondly, walk with a jaunty air about you. A stylish walking-stick helps (don't make the typical mistake of the Germans, however, who affect a riding crop — it looks far too military), and a hat, of course, lends a certain flavor of sophistication. It gives you something to raise in happy salute to each attractive woman you meet.

Then, *mes amis*, there is the matter of vocabulary. It is not enough to



know how to say "*Voulez vous . . . avec moi*," although this handy expression is invaluable in itself. No, one must thoroughly arm oneself with a *repertoire* of greetings — everything from "*Bon jour, Mademoiselle*," to "*La dernière heure était délicieuse, ma chérie!*" with, of course, several variations of each.

Last, but *certainement* not least, is the leer. Or, as we say in French, *la oeilade*. It is, in essence, a thorough undressing of the young lady simply by looking at her. What takes it out of the "Peeping Tom" category and makes it typically French is the ecstatic approval which must shine in your eyes as you perform it. Each

girl must be able to know from your expression that she has earned your wholehearted approval. Take care, however, not to let your *oeillade* mark you as a *glouton optique*, a situation which can queer even the most promising of potential relationships.

Perhaps we should put it this way: the manner in which you look at *les girls* should convey the idea that you would be ecstatically happy should any one of them consent to share an *affaire* of the heart with you. In short, you're perfectly honest about the whole thing.

This is perhaps the secret of Gallic charm.

The reason for the tremendous success enjoyed by *boulevardieres* who employ the *oeillade* is that every young woman in France wants to have an *affaire* with an obvious *bon vivant*, or man-of-the-world. There are many benefits which can accrue to the *jeune fille* who has such an *affaire*, not the least of which is experience in the arts of love.

And every successful *boulevardier*, of course, is an accomplished lover.

In France, you don't have to be rich or even successful at anything else as long as you're a good lover.

Obviously, every man who claims to be an authority really isn't, but it's fairly easy in France to polish your techniques to perfection. Besides, it's

a lot of fun to learn. Lessons are obtainable at almost any streetcorner, in spit of General DeGaulle's purification program.

In Italy, the *boulevardieres* employ a most barbaric custom, that of pinching. No Frenchman would do as the Italians do, even when in Rome; the Parisian cosmopolite will,

however, lovingly pat a plump derriere if he is acquainted with its owner, but even then never in public. But the *invitation* is still there even in public.

And the experienced *boulevardier's* invitation is accepted with delightful regularity.

Remember, *mes amis*, smile. • • •



MONSIEURS!

YOU HAVE HERE

The New Magazine

for men--with the

continental
APPROACH

to the better things in

life... NAMELY

GOOD-LOOKING

MADemoiselles!

